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him our *impedimenta* which he hastily and apologetically examines and we are free. People hurry away to city homes, to railway stations and steamers or hotels. By noon I was indulging in eating what England does not afford, namely, sweet corn on the cob, apple-pie, doughnuts and other things more or less digestible. "No peaches this year!" That is sad for both producer, trader and consumer. The Government steamer leaves for Governor's Island just as I step off the "Belt" line of horse cars which kindly lift one above the roughly paved and filthy street, often "blocked" by the immense traffic. Next to home is the dear household at the headquarters of the U. S. Army, whose hospitable door has swung open to my wandering feet for so many, many years, and at places so far apart in our beloved land. The papers said much of our being beaten in a race with the *Teutonic* which arrived a few hours before we did. But I knew of no "race."

Thursday, August 14. The atmosphere hotter and dryer than that of England or the Atlantic tells upon us at first. Then the utter immovability of the bed, the splash of paddles outside, the shriek of "whistles," as well as the buzz and bite of the recently hatched and hungry mosquitoes, do not invite sleep. But nothing can disturb the calm and thankful frame of a mind filled with visions of home and love. Two hours this afternoon I visited a few former parishioners not far from the city and at 6.15 p. m. embarked for Boston on one of the unsurpassed steamers of the Fall River Line. Why should not the channel between Paris and London be navigated by vessels equally comfortable and elegant? It is not.

Friday, August 15. Accumulated correspondence makes a busy day at the office. But at 4 p. m. there is time for a pleasant and tender farewell missionary meeting in the room above. One of a large family connection of missionaries goes out from North Carolina with his wife to Japan on this his twenty-seventh birthday. He spoke of his mother's birthday letter expressing her joy that he could enter on a work to some form of which he had been consecrated before his birth.

At evening a small circle reduced by the summer vacations met as usual with me at my home church for prayer, made more earnest and tender by the recent bereavement of our pastor whose student brother closed a most promising life by accidental drowning a few days before.

Out on the streets of Boston were crowds of veteran soldiers who had in a 40,000 procession the day but one before packed the city with sightseers and sympathizers with the Grand Army of the Republic. More than thirty years since the war! Germany once suffered for the same period by a war! But what hath peace wrought! Forty-four States; 60,000,000 of a united people; every political, commercial, agricultural, educational and spiritual interest marvellously prospered! Surely "*The peace of 1865*" is the grandest sentiment that can be spoken or honored among us! But what an immense army of aged men! Gnawed by the tooth of time, legless, armless, scarred; their faces generally bear marks of thoughtfulness and even sadness scarcely in keeping with the somewhat uproarious mirth of their reception, expressed in the gayest of decorations, the gladdest music, the most joyous of acclamations.

While the American Peace Society never declared, as mistakenly reported in a sermon preached before Grand Army Posts in Buffalo, N. Y., and Somerville, Mass., that "veterans should dress in mourning," it often seems to me that their faces reflect my own feeling, as I hear

again the sounds and behold the sights that recall the passions, the utterances, the sufferings, and the sin of the battlefield. General Grant in Europe once declined to witness a military parade and gave a reason similar to this.

Preachers and orators are often put to it in times of political and martial quietness for objects at which to aim fierce and denunciatory words. In such a case they sometimes set up a straw man and knock him down. Possibly a Peace Society may thus serve a temporary purpose! Indeed this whole matter of war as a reminiscence, or battles on sea or land as "shams" or stage plays, may be justifiable from a military point of view, but really they are ridiculous, and morally they are objectionable. One can but feel how interesting to the actors of thirty years ago are the associations and events of their youth. It is always so with old men. But there are scenes and experiences in most lives, civil or military, which a tender regard for youthful and impressible minds would teach us to leave unrecounted.

DEATH AS AN EVIDENCE OF VALOR.

The military committee of the United States House of Representatives in a recent report on the battle of Chickamauga claim supereminence in loss of life for that battle. Here are some of their bloody "evidences:"

"Wellington lost 12 per cent. at Waterloo; Napoleon 14½ per cent. at Austerlitz and 14 per cent. at Marengo. The average loss of both armies at Magenta and Solferino, in 1859, was less than nine per cent. At Koniggratz, in 1866, it was six per cent. At Worth, Mars-la-Tour, Gravelotte and Sedan, in 1870, the average loss was 12 per cent. The marvel of German fighting in the Franco-Prussian war was by the Third Westphalian Infantry at Mars-la-Tour. It took 3000 men into action and lost 49.4 per cent. Next to this record was that of the Garde-Schutzen Battalion, 1000 strong, at Metz, which lost 46.1 per cent. There were several brigades on each side at Chickamauga, and very many regiments, whose losses exceeded these figures for Mars-la-Tour and Metz. The average losses on each side for the troops which fought through the two days were fully 33 per cent., while for many portions of each line the losses reached 50 per cent., and for some even 75 per cent."

REDUCTION OF EUROPEAN ARMAMENTS.

The best thing we have ever seen recorded of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., of England, is that in 1816 he submitted a proposal to the Governments of Austria and Russia for the mutual reduction of armaments. He suggested that an international Conference of military men should be assembled, with full powers to determine a fixed ratio of troops to be maintained, on a peace footing, by each State. The Russian Government welcomed this proposal, and expressed its desire that such a gathering should be held. No better time than now ever existed for such a proposition, but instead of military men, why not have statesmen and taxpayers?—*Christian Arbitrator*.

—Our customs and habits are like the ruts in roads. The wheels of life settle into them; and we jog along through the mire because it is too much trouble to get out of them.